to the seventh generation.

haggling about prices.

"Deer are raised just as cattle are

in China, and cheese is made from the

milk of the females. A kind of red

pear is found there which is good at

all seasons of the year. Grape vines

also are plentiful. There is no iron,

is free, and the people are not given to

but copper is met with. Commerce

the door of her's. Every morning and

evening he waters and weeds the

a whole year. If by the end of that

time the girl has not given her consent

marries her. The marriage ceremony

is almost the same as that observed in

W. C. WARDLAW

THOS. J ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1901.

sor E. T. Hamy, of the Trocadero Mu-

seum, discovered this long before the

resent decovery in Pekin of the Li Yen Shar document. Other Mexican

eording to Professor Saville, of the

VOL. LXVI. NO. 5

### The Story of a Story.

BY ALBERT LEE

The cditor sat at his desk, fazily | paused on the paragraph he was dissorting the week's manuscript. He tincily conscious that his neighbor's was, smoking his after-luncheon weight was largely resting on his left giggr and humming quietly as he shoulder. He stole a glance out of clanced at the various superscrip familiar handwriting or postingth his manuscript. He wondered why, Presently was a sharn rap at It was a poor story, as Stories Pol the door, followed almost immediately he had no mea con-

"What's up now?" asked the editor. "I'm in a hole Leighton:" replied the fissistant: "I ban't get finything out of Von Beck."

What's the matter with You Beck?" "Prained his ankie, or tell of his bicycle, or something-I don't know He's a week late with that illustration for Forbes's story, and the plates for that form have to be cast the first of next week. Here it is Wednesday, and he sends word he's laid up." The assistant art editor waved his arms in a gesture of despair.

does he?" asked Leighton: "I wish he'd work a little with his head. I sent Johnny up with a note this morning, and he brought it back unopened. The janitor had orders not to let any one up to see Van

"Well, what shall I do? I'd go up and haul him out of ped myself, if I could; But I can't. Chapman's away, and I've got to stay here in the office: There's Suppose we throw out Forbes's story; and put in that article on toadstoolsisn't this the tondstool season?" "Rot; Mac;" retorted Leighton, "You

now we can't throw out Forbes. I'd rather print the story without the illustration. But can't we get a hook on Von Beck some way? He ought to be able to finish the drawing in

"Of course," answered Mac, "if anybody could go up there and pound the limpertance of it into his Dutch head." Leighton looked with a pained ex pression at Mac, and then gazed thoughtfully out of the window. A gentle breeze was shaking the leaves of the potted geraniums on the tenement fire-escape across the way. "You are not very busy this afternoon; are you, old fellow?" resumed Mac, persuasively.

"Nothing but manuscripts," an swered Leighton, turning from the Why can't you chase up to Von

Beck's? You could take a batch of that stuff along with you, and read it on the elevated: Leighton turned in his chair, and

"Where does Von Beck live?"

"Ninety-something street," said Mac; with alacrity. "I'll find out," and he rushed, shouting for his stenographer, down the little passage that led to his own department: Leighton sighed and picked up a pile of long, thin enveloves. He snapped a heavy rubber band around them, put on his coat, and, taking his straw hat; strolled out into the hallway; where Mac was fuming and expostulating with a weary looking young woman who had spent two minutes of vain search for Von Beck's address among the B's. Then Mac seized the book himself, and scrawled the house and

street number on a piece of paper. Leighton walked slowly through the narrow streets and across the City Hall park to the elevated railroad station, and ensconced himself by an open window, in one of the double seats of the rear car of the train. It was comparatively early in the afternoon, and there were few other passengers. He pulled out an envelope, opened the manuscript, and set to work reading slowly, unconscious of his surroundings. As he finished his study of each contribution, he made a cabalistic mark upon the envelope,

for the benefit of his clerk, and replaced it in the bundle on his lap. As the train drew uptown, the cars filled slowly and finally at Fourteenth street some one took the seat next to Leighton. He merely glanced in that direction, saw that it was a young woman in a pink shirt-waist and a sailor hat, moved a little closer to his window, and proceeded with the reading of the story that her approach had interrupted. It was evidently not to his taste, for he soon began glancing rapidly over the last few type written pages, then folded the paper, marked the envelope and started on the next. He was conscious of the fact that his neighbor was stealing furitive glances over his shoulder, but this did not annoy him-she was welcome to such information as her curiosity might acquire from his rapid turning of the pages. He read steadily and scratched here and there with his blue penci, and looked occasionally out of the window to keep his bearings. He disposed of several articles on scientific and social subjects, which did not seem to interest his neighbor very much, for she turned to her afternoon paper. but when he picked up the only blue envelope in the pack, addressed in a heavy, rectangular hand, he noticed that she folded the "extra" into a tight roll, and assumed a position so erect that she could easily look over his shoulder on to the page in his hand. These things he remembered afterward. At the time he was merely conscious of a slight jarring

against his elbow. The manuscript was neatly typewritten, and he turned to it with pleasure, the top of it Miss Barker's full name after the strain of deciphering that and address. He colored slightly, and last essay on "Esoteric Buddhism." It was a love story, and he smiled um in which it opened. His neighbor moved distinctly closer to him, with a kind of little jump. He turned his that you should have caught me in head slightly, and she looked quickly | the act of reading it." Then, with a out of the window on the far side of the car. Leighton proceeded. It was fair to hold up a defenseless editor about a man and a woman who had in this way?" not seen each other for many years; they had loved in the early day, and I thought if you did not want the the man was now trying to pick up story, you could give it back to me senator, drawing back politely. "No, the lost threads-"to rekindle the old now, and that would save you the indeed," retorted Senator Hoar; fire." Leighton again smiled when he trouble of mailing it and of writing "The X's always so before the wise." came to that expression, and as he | me one of your complimentary little | -Argonaut

the corner of his eye, and made sure

by the entrance of the assistant art | was decidedly below the average in editor, who bore every outward ap- plot and construction; yet there was pearance of being extremely annoyed. something in the style that he liked. He thought the author might do better work after a time:
All these ideas flashed through his
editorial mind as he read. He shew

he was not interested in the story, and under ordinary circumstances he wouldn't skimmed rapidly over the remaining pages; but he was strangely. conscious that his neighbor was absorbed in it, and it occurred to him to let her read it through. If she the average reader be interested likewise?. He wendered if the average reader really did enjoy that kind of sentimental almost maudin, rupbish. Seventy-five percent of magazine readers are women, he argued, and here was a woman who might be considered to represent the tastes of that 75 percent. Leighton, therefore, determined to try the story on the dog. and, turning the pages slowly, he noted his neighbor's interest. Now that he was alert he could feel her every move: She leaned forward; or sat erect, as the mild intricactes of is use sending any more boys up: the plot inwound themselves. At one point a very respectable old joke, which had been put into the hero's mouth, brought a smile of recognition to Leighton's lips, and he saw in the mirror; across the car, that the young woman positively beamed, and even seemed to color. He made a mental note about old jokes in general. The sentimentalism grew more intense as the pages turned, the lover pleaded, the woman spurned him, the moon came up, soft strains of music "flitted across the silent air," and the young woman in the pink

> effect upon him of that last chaotic, heartrendering paragraph. He folded the manuscript slowly. conscious as he did so that the weight | with paint for the glare of the footon his left shoulder was gradually removed. He made some hieroglyphics fiction before it is submitted to the on the back of the envelope, and as light of public scrutiny." from the doorway. Leighton gathered up his papers, rose, stole a quick glance at his fieighbor, and started for the door just as the train pulled into the station: He had seen that the girl was not bad looking, and her eyes shone with suppressed excitement: Leighton began to doubt his editorial judgment, and, as he walked toward the stairway; he determined to seek another opinion on that

waist gripped her newspaper, caught

her breath and turned almost half

mised that she had read faster than

he, and was watching to note the

around toward Leighton. He sur-

Just then some one laid a hand on Beck. his arm, and he turned to find himself face to face with the young woman of the car. She was blushing, but she looked up at him with an air of quiet determination.

"I beg your pardon," she began, "I hope you will not think me too presuming, but I simply could not help speaking to you. I could not miss the opportunity. I saw you reading the story, and I felt I must ask you

These words were rattled out as fast as she could speak them. She paused, breathless. Leighton smiled.

"What is it that I can tell you about the story?" he asked. "To be perfectly frank, I noticed you were interested in it on the train. Perhaps you will answer some questions for me, too," and he led the way to one of the benches on the platform and asked her to sit down.

"I hope you did not think I was dreadful rude to look over your shoulder that way," she began, "but-"Not at all," laughed Leighton. "That was natural. It was entirely

"Yes, it was," she said, "because I am Miss Ida Barker."

Leighton looked at her with a pleasant but perfectly blank expression. He did not see the connection. He had never heard of Miss Barker. He felt for a moment as if he ought to have known at once who Miss Barker was. The young woman looked at him as If she, too, felt that he ought to have known. If she had said she was the Duchess of Marlborough, or the president of the W. C. T. U., she would have offered a mutual understanding; but the name Barker conveyed absolutely nothing to Leighton. Besides he was in a hurry to find Von Beck. He was about to tell Miss Barker that he was pleased to meet her, when she re-

"Will you tell me what you really think of the story?" "That's just what I should like to have you tell me," he replied.

"But what good would that 'o? she asked. "What difference does it make what I think of my own story?" "Your story?" exclaimed Leighton.

"Yes, my story. I just told you I was Miss Barker.' Leighton stared at her for a moment; then a great light burst upon him. He jerked the blue envelope out of the package, opened the manuscript quickly and saw written across

"I had not connected you with the story at all, Miss Barker. In fact, this is the first time I have looked at the author's name. How very odd smile, "Do you think it is altogether

"I suppose not," she admitted, "but

fibs. Besides, it is not often that one gets a real live editor into one's hands; just fresh from one's own manuscript.

"Very true," said Leighton, looking vacantly at the blue envelope. His confidence in his editorial judgment was returning. He felt better. Miss Barker, after all, was not, as he had imagined, a representative of the great class of magazine readers. She had turned out to be the most prejudiced andience he could have

had. He gave a little sight of relief. "It is not usually a profitable undertaking," he began, "to tell an author, especially a woman, the truth about her literary world but if you will assume the responsibility, I will tell you honestly wherein in the faults and the merits of your story.

"I will assume the entire responsibility," she replied, eagerly, "and consider it a privilege."

Miss Barker a little imprompti lecture on the art of story writing. He was samest and forceful in his manner, and she listened aftentively. She did not like some of the things he said about her work, but she could praised what he had liked in her story, even more than it deserved, and then he gave her a tew words of advice on her future work.

"Don't be too ambitious," he said. Leave to others to write about heroes and peroines who love and die. Write of what you know about, and see before you. Remember that there is force in simplicity. Don't lay the color on too thick. Tell your little tale, and the color will find its way in of itself: You have no idea how many people, all over the count try; are cudgelling their brains for intricate plots; when they would add vastly to the wealth of literature it they would only write of the simple things they see before them. Believe me, you can make a better story out of what you yourself have been doing to-day than you can with the antics of two love-sick puppets of your imagination. Gather your material, so far as you can, from real life; then get confounded by that old fallacy that fact is stranger than fiction. It is not. The startling stories served cleverly coated with fiction. Use your imagination; but don't let your imagination use you. If you are going to tell me the story of the day's events, pick out the salient points; and make them a trifle more prominent by a little justifiable exaggeration. Just as an actor is made up lights, so should fact be assisted by

ing eloquent, and broke off his lecture abruptly. He slid the manuscript into the blue envelope, and handed it to Miss Barker Then he rose and said he must go. She thanked him and hoped she had not taken too much of his time: but she felt as she spoke that her manner was affected and distant. She was not thinking of Leighton—she was thinking of what he had said. He but her on a train. Then he hastened for the dilatory Von

About two weeks later another long blue envelope found its way to Leighton's desk. He recognized the handwriting on it and ripped it open, expecting to find a revision of the love story. But the manuscript bore a different title. A little note slipped out of its folds:

'Dear Mr. Leighton: "I have followed your advice about writing of things I know and have scen. I have accepted your suggestion about using the events of one of coast of China passes along the southmember the day.

"Bincerely yours, "IDA BARKER." Except for the introduction and a the story.-New York Independent.

A DEDUCTION PROCESS Which Revealed a Whole Lot About s

Young Man. " Do you see that man with the dark moustache." said Sherlock Holmes.

"Yes; do you know him?" "I never saw him before. He is married. He ought to live in a flat, but doesn't. His wife is afraid of the hired girl and he is left-handed." "Mr. Holmes, you are an everlast-

ing marvel. How can you tell all that

about a man you don't know, and whom you never saw before ?' "Look at the second knuckle on his left hand. You see it is badly skinned. Also there's a black mark on his left cuff. Now, let us see what we must make of this. When a left-handed man pokes up the furnace fire how does he do it? By putting his left hand forward, of course. Thus it happened that it was his left hand which scraped against the furnace door. The blackened cuff shows that it was a furnace door. Having this foundation to work upon, the rest is easy. If he lived in a flat he would have no furnace to look after, and if his wife were not afraid of the hired girl, they would make the latter do the poking up. It is all very simple, if one's perceptive faculties are properly trained. He can't really afford to live in a house, because if he could he would have a man to look after the furnace. There-

fore, he ought to live in a flat." "But, hold on. How do you know the man is married? He can't be over 30 years at the most. Why may it not be possible that he lives at home with his widowed mother?"

"My dear sir,' said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "I am surprised at your lack of perspicacity. If he lived at home with his widowed mother, he would permit her to attend to the furnace herself." -Chicago-Times Herald.

Not long ago Senator Hoar, who is noted as an inveterate punster, was joined in the corridor of the capitol by a former colleague in the senate, and as they approached the entrance to the senate chamber Mr. Hoar motioned his companion to pass in first. "After you," said the ex-

### CHINESE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Peten's Startling Revelation of Oriental Exploration Unexpectedly Corroborated by Evidence Found in Mexico.

AS the real Collimbia a ly Oriental, was found curved in a "This is the manner of their maring question is raised by been part of all ancient altar. Profesa statement that has just come from Pekin, feliaforced by recent remarkable discoveries in Mexico; says the New York Herald. In the foot of one of the palaces in the Forimages, with figures having Chinese bidden Uty there was found an au- turbans and Oriental features, have then historical document telling of been found in Southern Mexico, nethe discovery of this continent in the fifth century of our era by ave Bud-American Museum of Natural History. Shist monks, who voyaged from China He does not think the Chinese ever to a distant land now deemed certain lived on this continent, but admits that

to Have been Mexico. The historian named Li Yell Shan, who lived in the beginning of the sevelith related by one of those monks; who, more fortunate than his companions, returned from the New World in safety, in the year 499 A. D. He described the newly discovered country, which, he called Fu-Sang, as situated some seven thousand miles to the east of China. The distance is stated til ii: three of which are about equal to one of our miles.

The wonderful discoveries of this capitol of the ancient Montezumas by workmen who were making an excavation for a sewer in Escalilleras street, immediately back of the great cathedrai in the modern City of Mexico, a few days ago, correliorate to an amazing degree the statements it the historical document of La Yen Shan.

In the first Place, ho less than a thousand genuine jade beads Were Hisearthed. Now, these beads were known in "Aztec diamonds," the most prized of all their possessions. The possession of these jade objects by the Aztecs is regarded by archaeologists as the strongest link in the chain of evidence indicating the presence of Chinese in Mexico hundreds of years ago. No jade in its natural state has ever been found in Mexico. China is



COATS LIKE THOSE CHINESE USE.

the only place where it is found, or ever has been found, so far as is known. The very fact so well known to all historians that jade was so highly prized by the ancient Aztecs-prized far above gold and silver and all preclous stones-further indicates that it was not a native product, but a rarity from some foreign country. Second-The ancient Chinese were

as fearless seamen as the Norsemen. It is a well known fact that the mariner's compass is of Chinese origin. Time and again Chinese tunks have been found stranded on the shores of Alaska, British Columbia and as far south as Oregon. This proves the seaworthiness of their craft.

Tlird-The great oceanic current which flows northward up the eastern my own days. Perhaps you will re- ern edge of the Aleutian Islands chain and then sweens down to the south again, past the shores of Alaska, British Columbia and California. Everything set adrift or dropped overboard few corrections by the editor, this is on the coast of China comes to Ameri-

Fourth-Pictures of old thatched roofed shelters in Oaxaca are strikingly similar to the thatched roofs of the Chinese. The peculiar rain coats word by the old Mexican porters are almost precisely like the rain coats of the

Fifth-In Southern Mexico are found ing the only true monosyllabic language-a language in structure singu-

here is striking evidence of the knowl are placed on a kind of pedestal, and prayers are addressed to them morndge of things of these in old Mexico. ing and evening. The King does not Here is the original document: "Fu-Sang is situated about 20,000 if meddle with affairs of government unto the east of the country of Tahan til he has been three years on the

and an equal distance to the east of throne. China. It has many trees, whose first sprouts resemble those of the bamboo, manufactured into cloth and flowered stuffs; and the wood serves for the construction of houses. The inhabitants have a system of writing, and make paper from tree bark. They possess neither arms nor troops, and they

never wage war. "According to the laws of the kingdom, there are two prisons, one in the



ORIENTAL PHYSIOGNOMY.

north, the other in the south. Those who have committed trifling faults a numerous aboriginal people possess- graver crimes to the former. The male and female prisoners are allowed to marry cach other, and their children larly like the Chinese-found in that are sold as slaves. When a man of part of the world. The hieroglyphic superior rank commits a crime the



as of ancient Yucatan and Mexico somewhat resemble those employed by the Chinese. The Chinese characters hieroglyphics which are more or less

themselves opposite the offender, partake of a banquet, and take leave of the condemned person as of one who of to-day are merely modifications of is about to die. Cinders are then heaped about the doomed man. For slight faults the criminal alone is pun-Sixth-The ancient Chinese symbol ished, but for a serious crime his chil- to England, and other foreign counrepresenting the male and female prin- dren and grandchildren suffer with tries, several thousand tons of the BATISFACTION GUARAN siples of generation, which is distinct him, and in some extraordinary cases abre being shipped yearly.

WRECK OF A CHINESE JUNK FOUND ON THE COAST OF ALASKA

dha was unknown in this country, but and which serve the natives as food. in the fourth of the years ta ming, in The fruit is red and shaped like a the reign of Hiao-wou-ti, of the Soung pear. The bark of the tree is prepared dynasty, five missionaries from the in the same manner as hemp, to be country Ki-pin went to Fu-sang and



OLD GUADALJARA HUT WITH THATCHER POOF LIKE CHINESE HUT.

there diffused the Buddhist faith. They carried with them sacred books and images; they introduced the ritual and inculcated monastic habits of life. By these means they changed the man-

Naturally, the most striking remains left behind by the ancient people of Yucatan and Southern Mexico are architectural, some of the ruins being in a very fair state of preservation. Many of the buildings look like Buddhist temples-vast caves of stones, dark and windowless. One finds in the carvings on the ancient buildings of Yucatan and Southern Mexico a noticeable likeness to grotesque Chinese carvings, walls and pillars being adorned with countless human heads. more or less caricatured, and with other fantastic designs. The artists of hat vanished race appear to have had great fancy for making masks for corpses and death's heads of incrusted work. Representations of snakes and monkeys are numerous.

Like the Chinese, the Mayas had a wonderfully elaborate calendar sys tem, which embodied so many e'ements of accurate chronology that it amazes European scholars to-day.

The Unspeakable Turk.

A Turk thinks it the most natural thing in the world to lose a province, and, having lost it, to quit and live elsewhere. He talks quite complacently of leaving Constantinople some day, he will go over to Asia and found another capital. He originates nothing; he takes what he finds without assimilating it, and remains profoundly Turkish. He leaves no trace of his occupation except ruins. Practically there is nothing at Belgrade, Sofia and Athens to show that for centuries they were Turkish cities.

All occupations. except agriculture and military service. are distasteful to him. Yet there are two other characteristics even more important than these. The first is his sense of discipline. It is this which keeps together the apparently tottering fabric of the Turkish empire. It makes the halffed, half-clothed soldier ready to endure every privation, and prevents the corruption and incapacity of the offi cers from producing the anarchy other country. Sedition is unknown; even complaints are rare, and were a holy war proclaimed there is not a man who would not be prepared to dic in defense of the system of extortion which grinds him down. His second characteristic is his lazi

ness, in spite of the laborious industry of the Turkish peasant. The fact is that the Turk is too proud to do many things, too stupid to do others. His repeople assemble in great numbers, seat ligion inculcates a fatalism which tends to a conviction that effort is useless.-London Telegraph

> American excelsior is exported to Central America, to the West Indies.

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